



RADIOHEAD

world service



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JAN-MAR 96

killer cars



too hard on the brakes again
 what if these brakes just give in?
 what if they don't get out of the way?
 what if there's someone overtaking?

i'm going out for a little drive
 and it could be the last time you see me alive
 could be an idiot on the road
 the only kick in life is pumping his steel

wrap me up in the back of a trunk
 packed with foam and blind drunk
 they won't ever take me alive
 cos they all drive...

don't die on the motorway
 the moon would freeze the plants would die
 couldn't cope if you crashed today
 all the things i forgot to say

i'm going out for a little drive
 and it could be the last time you see me alive
 what if the car loses control?
 what if there's someone overtaking?

wrap me up the back of a trunk
 packed with foam and blind drunk
 they won't ever take me alive
 cos they all drive

killer cars

words by radiohead, published by warner chappell music
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Radioheadlines...Radioheadlines...Radiohead

... News reaches us of a Radiohead fan who purchased the biggest envelope she could find and in it sent the tiniest scrap of paper to a big cheese at Radio 1 with the message "Why don't you play Lucky, you bastards?"... High and Dry was a fairly recent release in the USA and was accompanied there by a fresh promo vid, shot in the style of Pulp Fiction! Demand a UK viewing now... Thom is amongst several artistes, including Goldie and Supergrass, to have artwork exhibited at the Blue Note Gallery (1 Hoxton Square, London, N1) throughout Shelter Week, 26 Feb to 3 Mar. Admission is free, and opening times are Mon to Fri from 10.30am to 6pm, Sat and Sun from 1pm to 6pm. All pieces will be auctioned on 4 Mar with the proceeds going to Shelter, the National Campaign for Homeless People... Radiohead received three nominations for the Brit Awards: Best Band, Best Video (Just) and Best Album (The Bends), so all limbs crossed for 19 Feb... We have it on good authority that Take That were heard singing Just as they walked past Radiohead's dressing room at the Smash Hits Poll Winners' Party. Obviously they then realised that they'd never reach those heady heights and split up on the spot...

headlines...Radioheadlines...Radioheadlines..

Competition Three

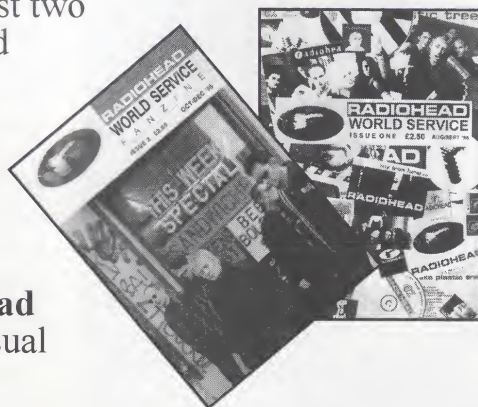
It's not just Anthea Turner who offers you a rollover jackpot! Yes folks, we bring forward the My Iron Lung promo double 12" set and throw in a rather natty Radiohead jacket (size large). Subscriptions are on offer to two runners up. So, the question:

Which single and which movie theme did Radiohead perform on MTV on August 18th 1995?

Please send your answer to The Usual Address, to arrive before 15 Apr. Congratulations to Ryan Lambert of Felixstowe who won our competition in Issue One and bags the Just promo 12" and a subscription. Subs also go to Anneline Groves of Kent and Sally Howell from Nottingham. The answers were: 1. Belisha Beacon 2. On A Friday 3. Drill. (You just have to guess the questions if you haven't got a copy of Issue One...)

Back Issue Bundle

We're now offering the first two issues of Radiohead World Service as a special Back Issue Bundle, at £4 (incl. p&p) for the both of them. What a bargain! So, send your cheques or postal orders, made payable to **Radiohead World Service**, to The Usual Address.



Headitorial

Welcome to the first Radiohead World Service issue of 1996. A new year, a time for change and all that. With this in mind, Mike, my Faithful Assistant and Advisor, has decided to concentrate on a rock 'n' roll career with his band, Sarah's Lovers (remember, you heard it here first!). Replacing Mike as my cohort is the wonderful Suw Charman, who takes the credit for the dapper look of this issue. Talking of staff, Nina, our would-be Letters Editor, is on the verge of quitting and is seriously considering a post at the new Outhere Brothers fanzine. Save this poor girl from obscurity and drop her a line. The best letter in each issue will receive a Radiohead goodie, so start writing to The Usual Address:

Radiohead World Service

151 High Road
Trimley-St-Mary
Ipswich
Suffolk
IP10 0TW

A good chunk of this issue is made up of reviews from the autumn UK tour, from both the music press and RWS readers, as well as a couple of exclusive interviews and some as-yet-unseen photos. In the next issue (out, er, eventually...) there'll be an as-yet-unpublished interview with Thom, a look at what's to be found on the Net, and the first part of a feature from the USA mag, Alternative Press. Before we go, however, we'd like to welcome new readers from Japan, America, Latvia, Sweden, Indonesia, Holland, Italy, Malaysia, Belgium and the Isle of Wight!

Radiohead World Service – Where the words come out all weird.

Yours,

Paul and Suw

The Prophecy...

In 1991 Thom et al. were called On A Friday and one evening they played at a place called The Jericho Tavern in Oxford and it earned them their first live review in a mag called Curfew. Soon after they were to be called Radiohead, and thence, "Genius".

I spent the entire set desperately trying to think what exactly On A Friday reminded me of. Not so much the music, but the vocals. Then the next day it hit me: Kirk Brandon! Yes, he of Spear of Destiny and silly haircut fame. Now the lead singer of On A Friday hasn't got a silly haircut (in fact, he's hardly got enough hair to have any kind of cut) but he does possess a voice very reminiscent of

Mr Brandon – the way he elongates every syllable and almost howls rather than just sings – and it's the way this is so at odds with the rest of the band's sound that was intriguing.

I was a bit sceptical after the first couple of numbers which came a little too close to that Manchester sixties/dance sound for comfort. But, delve a little deeper into On A Friday and a whole new angle on them

opens up. While the drums and bass (with a little help from the keyboard player) do evoke an indie dance groove thang, there's almost country and western feel to the band at times, particularly the guitars. More REM than Kenny Rogers, fortunately.

Confused? You won't be when you see them live for yourselves (which, of course, you all will when they inevitable become extremely famous and you swear that you were there at the beginning...). In my book it's a good thing when you can't easily place what you're hearing – and when you can dance to it as well (as you most surely can with On A Friday) then even better. There was a very impressive turnout tonight, justifying the buzz currently surrounding On a Friday who had been recommended to me by just

"Delve a little deeper into On A Friday and a whole new angle opens up"

about every other band I've spoken to lately (they're currently the Candyskins' faves). Certainly their sound is well in tune with what's going on generally at the moment and it shouldn't be long before they're attracting record label attention and I can see them going down a storm at Transformation when the Oxford Venue re-opens. Just a couple of questions:

1. Doesn't the bass player look like that bloke out of the Deerhunter?
2. Are those subliminal backing vocals really necessary? They made the inside of my head go all funny like.

Reproduced with permission from Curfew, Sept 91.



Don't even THINK about making a hair joke...



...& The Epiphany

With Pablo Honey still popping in and out of the charts like a meerkat, and with work on their third album underway, Radiohead's finest hour to date continues to stun all those who hear it. The Bends received critical acclaim from all quarters, some less expected than others.

The Sunday Times

The banner term "Britpop" may have been a useful ambassador for the British rock renaissance of the past 12 months, but it hasn't helped to identify who produced the best albums. As a general rule, the less you read about an act, the more there was to listen to. Blur and Oasis stole the headlines, but neither The Great Escape nor (What's the Story) Morning Glory? told us much about either group that you couldn't have deduced from previous albums.

Radiohead, on the other hand, have created in The Bends an album of superb histrionic confidence and melodic grace, which, even without the endorsement of REM's Michael Stipe, has established them as the British band most likely to conquer America. Previously known only for their nerdy anthem Creep, Radiohead have perfected the art of dynamic shading, moving smoothly through a racing gearbox of moods that enables them to sulk, swoon and swagger, sometimes in the same song. They have enough raw guitar power to fill a stadium, and in vocalist Thom Yorke – by turns a sweet, subtle dreamer and a wordily vengeful fury – they never let you take them for granted.

The Sunday Telegraph

While the music press speculates as to whether it'll be Blur or Oasis who will first conquer America, my money is all on Oxford's Radiohead – whose second album is, by a long chalk, my album of the year. They have been compared to early U2 and – in their dreamy excursions into folky English psychedelia – to Nick Drake, but in truth they are in a league of their own. Thom Yorke's

achingly gorgeous tenor vocals are exquisitely counterpointed by the virtuosic lead guitar of Jonny Greenwood (a free-form jazz buff whose talent for extemporisation in live performance makes Radiohead gigs among the best you'll ever see). None of their

rivals writes melodies quite so beautiful; nor can anyone remotely match the depth and range of their material, from the introverted angst of acoustic, wrist-slit numbers like High and Dry to the full-on epic guitar rock of My Iron Lung. Radiohead take you to depths of misery and heights of passion which leave you drained, moved, exhilarated and longing for more. Highly recommended – except, perhaps, during the festive season.

The Tatler

While Oasis were performing to record audiences of 21,000 a night at Earls Court, I was on the other side of London at the Brixton Academy. Together with 4,500 others I had gone to see a rock band who are indisputably the finest this country has to offer: Radiohead.

"Radiohead?" I hear a number of you cry. "Who the hell are they?" Which goes to show that naked genius is way down on the list of requisites for success in the British record industry. Supergrass are young and cute; Elastica are blessed with punk attitude and a strong babe factor; Blur are lovably matey; Oasis are charismatic and laddish.

Radiohead, on the other hand, have no defining characteristics other than the quality of their music. And this, I

"Radiohead have created an album of superb histrionic confidence and melodic grace"

suspect, is why of all the above groups, they are the only one not to have had a

number-one album this year.

British music fans are an image-conscious breed, and few want to nail their colours to the mast of a middle-class Oxford band who refuse to do exciting things like brawl in public, wish death on their rivals, sleep with supermodels or take loads of drugs. Damn it, Radiohead don't even have clothes or haircuts interesting enough to imitate.

What they can do, however, is make exceptionally good music. As Portishead acknowledged after winning this year's Mercury Music Prize, Radiohead's The Bends was probably the best album of the year. Epic, swoonsomely melodic and breathtakingly moving, it's the sort of record which will endure long after we've forgotten the likes of Elastica's throwaway debut (which went to number one while The Bends languished at number six).

Ultimately, Radiohead's low profile will stand them in good stead. While their parochial contemporaries battle for column inches in the music weeklies, Radiohead can devote their energies to less ephemeral matters. Like world domination, perhaps.

Weebles Wobble But They Don't Fall Down – Radiohead Live

1995 was a good year for Radiohead live. They played a few nice, quiet little dates with some band called REM, they took The Bends to Japan, Holland and most of the rest of the world, yet still they managed to find the time to grace us with their presence.

Brixton
The Academy
4 Nov 95
Hayley North

Tonight was one of those special nights, when things are so perfect that you never want it to end, where you talk about it for months afterwards because it was so amazing. Radiohead are gonna be good. You can just feel it.

Suddenly there's a roar of adoration as they appear on stage. It was interesting to see a gig begin with an acoustic based Street Spirit, but it was spine chilling, and Thom's voice is crystal clear. It was the perfect opening.

From this, they turn the whole thing around, belting into tracks. Bones, Planet Telex, Just, Black Star... Ripping their new album apart with such vigour that their live performance blows the record away.

The presence of the band is felt the whole way through. Thom casually chats with the crowd

about how his lyrics have no reference to him or his life and that the girl in the front row has a sexy haircut. Screams from the crowd of "You're a genius" prove that he is just that.

Tracks from Pablo Honey revive the young Radiohead. Creep and Stop Whispering hold up easily to any of The Bends.

As the show progresses the band appear ultra-confident and totally at ease with their adoring audience. Ed O'Brien becomes friendly with the girls on the front row whilst he tears into his guitar and provides a 'hot' performance, almost as if he's making love to

"Radiohead are gonna be good. You can just feel it."

his guitar, fondling and stroking every note with facial expressions to match. Thom, meanwhile, is so engrossed in his music, sings each word with such conviction and beauty, that the crowd goes loopy every time he jerks and waves his tiny frame around the stage.

"This is a top quality, criminally underrated band witnessed here tonight."

My Iron Lung is the highlight of The Bends live. A mind-blowing arrangement of spooky and chilling vocals with crazed instants of crashing guitars, strobe lights and a completely mental exhibition of crowd surfing that says exactly what you feel like doing.

Radiohead take their show so contentedly through moments of blood-boiling, head-rushing madness to moments that only the performance of Lucky can describe.

This is a top quality, criminally underrated band witnessed here tonight.

"So why have you all come here instead of going to see Oasis tonight?" Well, I think that the perfection of Radiohead and the reaction of a crowd that felt every ounce of passion that this band has to offer answers Thom's question as to what any of us were doing there... Although perhaps the fact that Radiohead piss all over Oasis is the real answer to Thom's question.

Southampton The Guildhall

7 Nov 95

Charlie

"I went into catering and the band were all sitting there, eating their dinner!" gushed the girls next to me, as we eagerly awaited the beginning of what was to surely be my gig of the year. "And d'you know what? The lead singer's dyed his hair orange!"

Having been unable to avoid knowing this over the past few months, I was somewhat surprised and was, therefore, relieved to see a bloke nearby with spiky, dyed orange hair... He'd obviously noticed, then.

After this strange beginning, it was brilliant to see the lads finally grace us with their presence. Thom and Ed looked stunning in their, erm, very white, huge trainers, while Colin was displaying his homage to the support (following Jonny's example of his recent Strangelove T-shirt statement) with a delightful Sparklehorse top. But most importantly, at least to me, was what they were wearing on their faces – smiles. And they weren't just sneaky, corners-of-the-mouth smiles that only appear when nobody's looking. These were full blown, teathy, happy GRINS.

As Radiohead rip into The Bends, the hall erupts, and not only off-stage, either. Ed bobs around, laughing at anything anybody says as if this is his first successful gig, and even Colin can't help but smile serenely.

The band have changed dramatically since I saw them in



A ninth flat fifth... Er... How does that go?

February. The now well-established songs have so much more vitality and new ones such as Subterranean Homesick Alien and Man of War bode extremely well for the third album.

"I suppose you want us to play

"I was relieved to see a bloke with spiky, dyed orange hair... He'd obviously noticed, then."

this one?" Thom would've spat twelve months ago before launching into Creep. Now, however, it is delivered with a wry smile, proving to us that at

last he has accepted what had become their frustratingly constrictive ball-and-chain single. And so, although not the highlight of the gig (Lucky and Stop Whispering slip easily into that category) Thom and the other four superheroes' obvious acceptance of their role and, indeed, their enjoyment of it, is what provides the amazingly electric atmosphere tonight.

As I anticipated, it is without doubt my gig of the year.

Southampton The Guildhall

7 Nov 95

Howard T Gudgeon

"Where do we go from here?" begs Thom Yorke, as the metal calms from its sudden hammering spells The Bends. Radiohead are launching into their final appearance of the year and frontman Thom has a point. Where indeed?

The Bends, the album, is quite possibly one of the most innovative pieces of music to come out of this country since Floyd's heyday or Zeppelin's demise. And yet, its poor showing in the charts remains THE mystery of '95.

Bones follows the opener, Jonny's half-cropped barnet swirling with every thrash of his axe, and Anyone Can Play Guitar clears the path for the melodic faves. High and Dry soars, Creep, inevitably, inspires and new

single Lucky gets a well received airing.

"Hello Southampton," remembers Thom, as Jonny switches to keyboards for the reverb intro of Planet Telex – and we're off again. An almighty strobe light picks out the stripes on Thom's dubious shirt as the crowd start to burn. My Iron Lung and Just further the mayhem before the strobe hits back, firing off the sweat of the singer's brow, urging the climactic Blow Out to a breathless fade.

To the genius of Fake Plastic Trees, a moment's departure. A four-song encore treats, and farewells are bade with the last, Stop Whispering – we did.

Reprinted with permission from
Splash! Dec 1995.

Manchester The Academy

2 Nov 95

Lisa Abuse

It has been a long time since I last went to see a Radiohead gig, and I arrived just in time to hear Creep. A very strange feeling crept over me. I could barely hear Thom's voice over the collective voice of the audience. My stomach turned over, butterflies started to flutter in there, and I remembered exactly why I used to skip so many

classes at University – Radiohead live!

I wandered through the crowd and stopped in the first bit of space I could find. Standing on my tiptoes I saw the outline of Thom, a shadow of Jonny and a bit of Ed, between me and them

was the huge throng shaking, jumping, singing and screaming, with all eyes fixed on the five blokes on the stage.

I had a little groove in my little space. Anyone Can Play Guitar just made me squeal, it has sounded totally different every time I have heard it played, and it was so good to hear it again. Lucky made me shiver. It was during Nice Dream that I really noticed the amazing light thing that had been going on all night. I love lights. When you're a short-arse it is the lights you follow because you can't see the band. I could say, at the risk of sounding like an amateur theatre critic with my head at halfway up my own arse, that I love lights – good lights – because they mirror the energy, the mood and the meaning of what is going on in the reality on the stage. There. I said it. Sorry.

The gaggle next to me had invented a whole new set of lyrics for Fake Plastic Trees, but I noticed a few puzzled faces around during Banana Co. I can't even remember what the last few songs were, but I could feel the muscles in my face beginning to ache because I was smiling so much, even when a bloke twice my size stood on my foot I just grinned – and it's been a long time since I've done that at a gig.



Cambridge
The Corn Exchange
6 Nov 95
Martha

Cambridge, The Corn Exchange, and another roaring victory for the best band of the century.

The set opens with an amazing rendition of The Bends and, to be quite honest, after the gentle laziness of the support band, Sparklehorse, the whole crowd is electrified and a mass stampede erupts, forcing my already tired body into a barrier.

This is my first time experiencing Radiohead live, and it really does blow me away. The wonder of Bones with its faultless guitar and vocals echoes in my head.

I stare at Thom Yorke and, as Thom Yorke stares back, he's saying something but, to be quite honest, I'm not taking it in. Just and Bullet Proof wash over my excited ears and I stand transfixed, gazing at my own special guitar god, nearly close enough to touch.

The excitement reaches fever pitch as the first few notes of Lucky ring out through the venue. Two new songs are aired tonight – Bishops Robes and Man of War. Personally, I think they're really cool and I think that the rest of the audience agrees with me.

I'm totally charmed by my favourite song, Fake Plastic Trees, and it's certainly my personal highlight. The last encore goes to Stop Whispering, then they smile and they leave. We want more, but sadly they don't return. I hope they enjoyed it as much as I did. I leave the building with a desperate urge to die my hair orange. I know I'll sleep well tonight.

Cambridge
The Corn Exchange
6 Nov 95
Chris Parry

Did you know that it is approximately 500 miles from Aberdeen to Stansted Airport and, by the miracle that is Air UK, it takes around 70 minutes to get from one to the other? Did you also know that it is about 25 miles from Stansted Airport to Cambridge and that, thanks to a bus company which will remain nameless, it takes nearly 3 hours to make the journey?

By the time I got to The Corn Exchange I was in serious need of sleep or a pint, but I couldn't cry off a gig I'd been really looking forward to. What the hell was I worried about?

Radiohead came on and played one of the most blinding sets I've ever had the pleasure of seeing. I've seen better stage show by a number of bands, but I honestly think that I've never seen so much energy and, well, a band having such a good time on stage in a very long while.

From the opening number to the house lights coming on we were entertained by one of the finest bands going today. I can't give you the running order, as all the songs blurred into an outstanding evening, but it must be said that the highlights for me were Creep, High and Dry and a storming version of Lucky. A good long set followed by two encores. Brilliant and excellent value for money to boot.

Every song they played had an excellent sound, a real tribute to

the band and their crew. Thom was in fine form and giving as good as he got with the banter. All in all, a nice day out.

Cambridge
The Corn Exchange
6 Nov 95
Debbie Manley

In the true spirit of The Beatles, Radiohead play short narrative pop tunes in which Thom Yorke can pour out his philosophy on life.

He opens with The Bends "I wish it was the 60's I wish I could be happy," followed by his lament about Prozac, Bones, and the self-effacing Anyone Can Play Guitar.

Hunched over his guitar, Thom looks like the kind of skinny, spiky-headed punk that gets beaten up for not fitting in. But there is no way he wants to compromise. He hardly speaks to the audience except to tell them his biggest hit, Creep, is for the

"This is my first time experiencing Radiohead live, and it really does blow me away."

"moron outfit" and to swear at the listeners on the BBC World Service –

this was another sell-out gig being recorded for later broadcast.

But this rapid delivery means they get through 20 songs, a bargain in anybody's books, and they attract screaming fans who want their pound of flesh.

Thom tells us in the first encore that a three-year-old review had been left in their dressing room saying Radiohead had no songs

except Creep.

Buy their two albums, Pablo Honey and The Bends, – or the Help album for Bosnia – and find out for yourself. Radiohead are intelligent rock for the 1990's. They're loved by Keanu Reeves and their fanzine is based in Suffolk. What more could you ask for?

Reprinted with permission from the East Anglian Daily Times.

Leeds

Town and Country

1 Nov 95

Robin Morley

Vibe: Warm reception laid on for the band by capacity Yorkshire crowd. Enthusiastic singing from audience throughout set. Much sporting of band T-shirts and purchasing of fanzines – general atmosphere that of large-scale Radiohead love-in.

Sound: Pretty much as per CD. Boisterous bits suitably grungy. Low-key bits suitably smooth and creamy. No bum notes. No obvious fuck-ups. Professionalism incarnate! Revoke their 'indie licence' at once!

Highs: Superb songs, full of passion and variety, given extra live boost. Creep sends massive shivers down the spine. Thom sings it rubbing forehead blearily in semi-disbelief; crowd go bonkers at chorus and leap up and down (not easy considering ambling pace of song). By end of Fake Plastic Trees everyone going for it, disappointed by

reluctance of band to do the same. They do, however, take full advantage of My Iron Lung, accelerating blitzkrieg chorus into frenetic moment of mosh-mania. Thom stops at one point to request water for parched-looking people in front row. Your caring, sharing Radiohead.

Lows: First

heckle of tour – “You're a vegetable, you ginger git” – cause of much merriment onstage. Consummate musicianship of group leads to slightly safe feeling; no real chance of endearing disasters mid-set with band only just breaking sweat. Even guitar changes executed with Formula One pit stop efficiency. A manifestly smooth evening out, really.

Myopic's-eye view: After first number Thom discards fab horn-rims on flimsy grounds that he “can't see a fucking thing” with them on. Suddenly sees band in whole new light.

Quote: “This is the chord of E minor.” Brrang. “Thangow very much...”

Spooky goings-on: someone down the front keeps making ‘T’ and ‘M’ hand signals in the air followed by two peace signs. Obviously either a Transcendental Meditation devotee or fan of lead singer who can't

quite manage middle letters of name. Later, backstage, three absolutely identical Oriental

girls await autographs with weird politeness and restraint. Regulars, apparently.

Worth it?: Er, it's up to you. Great songs well performed in front of appreciative crowd. It

just depends on how raw you like it, really.

Merch: Short-sleeved T-shirt, 12 quid. Football shirt, 16 quid. Fair enough. Badges, four

quid? Just how ace would a badge have to be to merit four quid? Extremely bloody ace.

Support: Sparklehorse. Despite name suggestive of four fey shoegazing undergraduates from Canterbury they take stage replete with double bass, muted trumpet and stetsons. Sound like Radiohead in their more low-key moments, only marooned in middle of Nevada desert. Bloke on left-hand side of stage fiddles with weird electronics in search of Portishead atmospherics. Mildly grungy when they can muster up energy (not often). Polite. Unassuming. Punctual.

Reprinted with permission from Raw.

Glasgow

Barrowlands

31 Oct 95

Angela Lewis

Guitarist Ed O'Brien can hardly stop himself from laughing. Tonight is a very welcoming sight. Last time he picked up a guitar onstage, it was to face the vast stadium

“General atmosphere that of large-scale Radiohead love-in.”

rock multitudes when Radiohead were on the REM support slog in America a few weeks ago. At the not incredibly rock'n'roll, Wembly-times-a-hundred sized venues, the mosh-pits were situated at the back, ridiculously, way behind the wine-sipping corporate types who'd bought the expensive seats up front. Most of the time, he didn't know whether crowds liked them or not.

Tonight, however, he can see the sweat, drown in the howls and gasp at the lovesick eyes of 2,000 people who pogo out of their socks at the joy of seeing Radiohead back. And that's just to the slow, depressing numbers. To witness all this dopey, puppy insanity as the guitars billow with melancholic blues and Thom Yorke croons lines like "I wish I were dead"... Well, it's hard to keep a straight face.

It's been eight months since the release of *The Bends*, Radiohead have been absent a hell of a long time, and it's the first chance to show just how voraciously they've devoured their songs, or rather, how voraciously the

songs have devoured them. So both band and audience are swept up in a feverish gust of happiness.

Maybe that is what makes tonight feel so utterly special, or maybe it's the fact that Radiohead are on particularly focused form for every second of the one-and-a-half hours.

Thom is the band's tension meter. Early on he stands centre

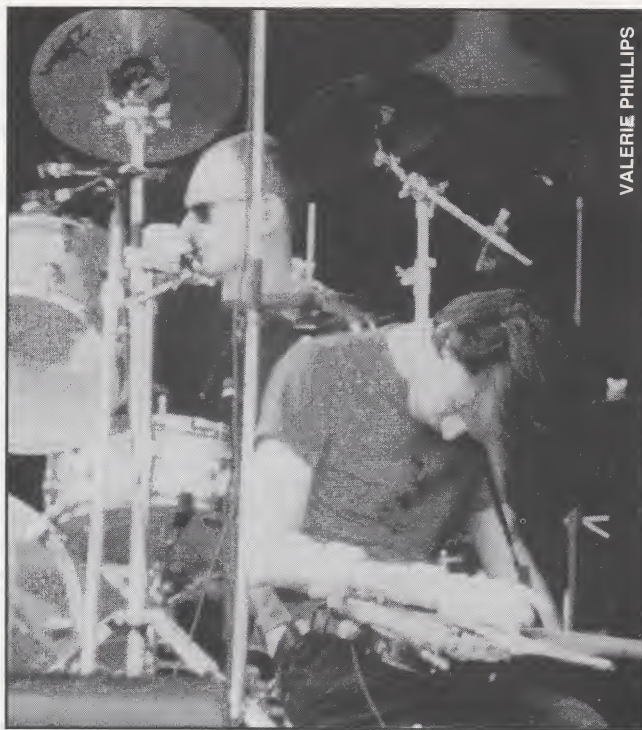
stage just nodding, looking as frail as a battered ugly toy who's recently been abandoned by his owner. One beer glass could probably knock him flying. But when he drawls, his voice is snakily confident, as vain as a peacock. As the earth-rupturing riffs to *Bones* detonate around him, Jonny Greenwood uses his guitar like a bayonet to shove Thom fully out of his mediation. And it works, Thom tossing his head as if to shake all the sleepy angst off.

Then Radiohead blissfully open the floodgates on their song. Which is a good thing because few records this year have been as orgasmically thrilling as *The Bends*. They are the contenders who make angst work, the viable, intelligent mainstream option while

Britrock make a meal out of it's self-belief.

In part, it's because their awkward, outsider stance isn't a pose; they are the real, unfash-

ionable deal. He starts biting his nails and his eyes bulge nervously at the start of *Vegetable* and he mutters "I don't know the words". When the epileptic twitches set in and he's shaking around the stage as if 1,000 electric jolts are firing



VALERIE PHILLIPS

Phil's drumcheck deemed "Not loud enough."

though his body, his loser streak makes it all believable. Yes, it's a performance, but like all the good ones, rooted somewhere in reality.

But mostly it's the fact that Radiohead can pile on the petulance and the sonic wrist-slashing in *Just* and *Blow Out* and turn these raw emotions into something sleek and beautiful. The savage and the feline combine in their songs, winning multiple sophistication Brownie points for the fact that all this is their own work, that they lean on nobody obvious for influence.

You're left with utter respect for Radiohead. They have internally located their own heart, know how to handle ferocious emotional brinkmanship, and have also determined their own career horizons. If it's war out there in marathon gig-land, then Radiohead will win every battle.

Reprinted with permission from the New Musical Express, 11 Nov 95.

You Can't Kill th

V for Vendetta

When Nina Wood wrote to to Radio 1 querying their stance on Radiohead, the reply was a little dismissive. "We've been championing Radiohead for years," said Trevor Dann, the Head of Radio 1 Production Dept, "and feature their music far more than any other UK radio station." Whilst the latter point may be true, the former is quite definitely arguable. "We played Lucky many times, [and] over the Christmas and New Year Period I heard Creep regularly," he says. Unfortunately, 'regularly' is not a synonym for 'often' – once a year, every year is regular– and 'many' appears to be a euphemism for 'not often, because it wasn't on the playlist'. Even though Radiohead are "particular favourites with Steve and Jo on the Evening Session", R1 has still remained alarmingly Radiohead-free.

My Iron Lung was the first single to be taken from The Bends, released in October 1994 as a taster of delights to come. Refused 'A' playlist status on the (flimsy) grounds of raucousness, it charted at 24, dropped to 53 and subsequently out of the CIN Top 75 completely. Maybe it was lack of airplay. Maybe it was lack of promotion. It was definitely not a duff track.

Next up was High and Dry, released around the time of The Bends, when no-one except those involved knew what a masterpiece the album was. Airplay was much improved – it made the R1 Airplay Top 30 for four consecutive weeks, even managing equal 15th and a place on the 'A' playlist in its last week. CIN chart-wise, there was a fair improvement. Debut at 17, loiter at 28, fall to 49, then 75 and oblivion. Still, it provided their highest new entry, which wasn't topped by any of the next three releases.

In May, Fake Plastic Trees managed a new entry at 21 and, in September, Just charted at 19. One of the strongest tracks from The Bends, Just was backed by an exceptional promo vid, yet still it plummeted through the 75 like a dead seagull. Fake Plastic Trees, on the other hand, positively dawdled, spending a whole three weeks in the Top 40. Neither track appeared in the R1 Airplay 30, the lowest of which usually receives about a dozen plays, the highest, nearer 30.

The Bosnia Help album was a widely lauded effort, and the critics all agreed that Lucky was the stand-out track. Nobody seemed surprised when Go! Discs announced that it was to be the A-track on the first Help EP. Refused playlist by R1 – who're by now turning into the *enfant terrible* of Radiohead's career – it didn't even graze the Top 40, entering at 51 and falling so fast it made the seagull look tardy.

Oddly enough, R1 didn't seem to play the second Help EP either, even though it featured They-Who-Can-Do-No-Wrong-(Even-With-Only-One-Brain-Cell). It was almost as if they'd decided that, after the initial flurry of support, ("We played to whole thing one Saturday morning before any other station and made the official Help radio documentary" says a defensive Dann) that they'd done their bit, and need no longer bother.

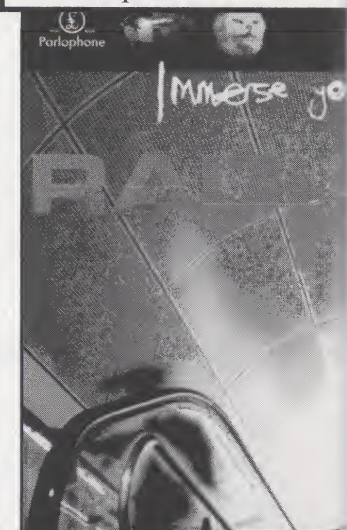
Whether it's lunacy, incompetency or just plain idiocy that controls the Radio 1 playlists is something we may never know. What is certain is that they consistently refuse the 1,000 carat gems that Radiohead, and other bands, produce. Deficient airplay is not only damaging to sales/charts but also bloody irritating to all those involved.

You can't keep a good song down, though, and with Street Spirit rocketing into the chart at No. 5, despite not making the R1 Airplay 30 (whilst The Bluetones enter the chart at No. 2 in the same week with plenty of plays) it goes to prove that Radiohead can cut the mustard despite it all.

V is not for Vendetta.

V is for Fuck You.

Dan Rickwood, the artist for Radiohead's distinctive Bends-period, there is some logic behind Spirit artwork. Sort



That's a little icon of the world which is based on the revolving world the BBC used to use before programme came on. I hate it, actually, but everyone else likes it



That's Michael Caine's *The Italian Job*, which Thom's favourite

The video for Street Spirit dream and liked the idea of

Thom's view was to make Jonathan Glazer and I were song stone dead, but when shot from a gun) coupled

e (Street) Spirit

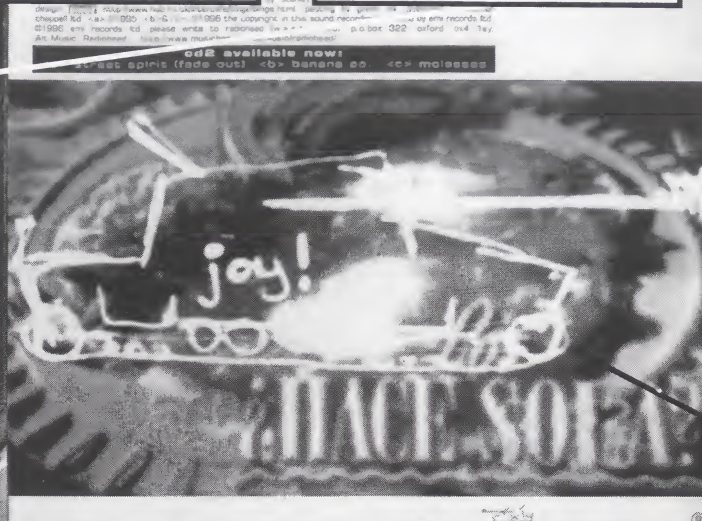
responsible
e covers
reveals that
the Street
f...

Thom got this escalator image
back in Japan. The idea was to
get across the spirit of people
living in late 20th century
technological society.

That's a line from near the
end of the song. Thom had
it scribbled down in his
notebook so we just floated
it onto the picture.

The background comes
from a Spanish advert.
Thom tends to snap away
with his camera when he's
watching TV abroad and
then we can scan the
pictures into a computer.
The plate of food sits
behind the tank to show the
connection between war
and famine.

talk show host / bishop's robes
includes exclusive poster

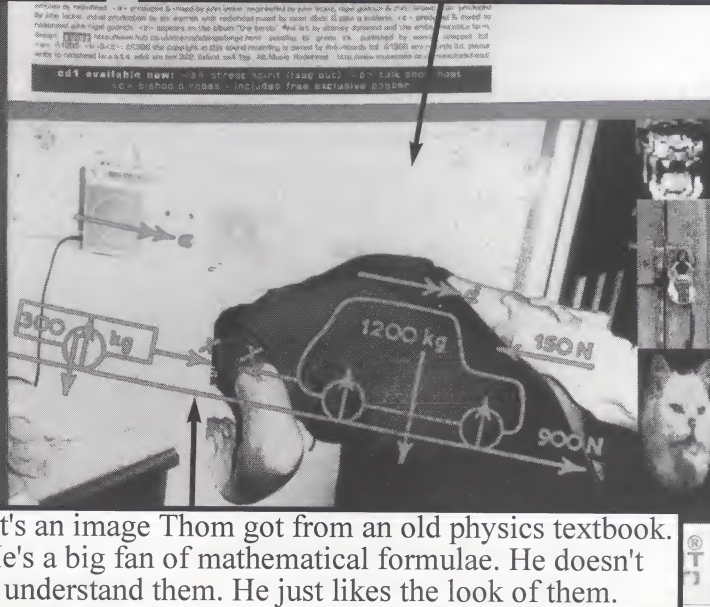
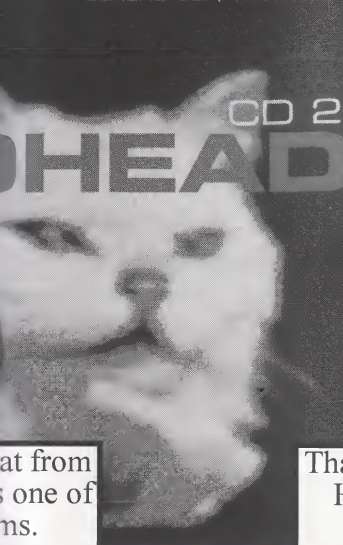


This is a piece of art from
Thom's notebook. He does
a lot of sketches on tour
and we just float them onto
the sleeves. The tank
represents a lot of the
sickness in the world and
the word 'joy!' expresses
its linear opposite.

That's a toy rescue helicopter
that Thom originally had
sitting on a Scrabble board,
but we had to drop the idea of
using the whole board
because of the copyright.

That's a mate of Thom's who got her head
stuck in the freezer. She was trying to cool
herself down when it was really hot last
summer and the sweat on her head froze and
she couldn't get her head out. Rather than
help her, Thom decided to take a photo.

et spirit (fade out)
banana co. / moleses



That's an anti-Prussian
poster from the First World
War. It's a gorilla with a
Prussian hat on and it had a
slogan over it which said
'Destroy This Mad Brute'.

The padlock expresses the
idea of love. The two
separate bits have been
together for so long that
they've become one.

at from
s one of
ms.

That's an image Thom got from an old physics textbook.
He's a big fan of mathematical formulae. He doesn't
understand them. He just likes the look of them.

We used the cat again
because we liked it
so much.

was filmed in the desert outside Los Angeles, and was directed by Jonathan Glazer. "Thom wanted it to be like a
nobody really getting anywhere" says Jonathan of the collection of seemingly random images.
e something "really elegant and beautiful. The song Street Spirit came out of a stream of consciousness and
ed something that would create space in the viewer's imagination to complement this. Pop videos so often kill a
Jonathan suggested using the photosonics ultra slow motion science camera (the one that can capture a bullet being
th reference to the surrealist photographers of the early century, we knew we had something."

Mr Ed – The Incredible Talking, er, Guitarist

After the REM gigs, the Smash Hits Poll Winners' Party and their tour of very nearly the world, Radiohead were a little tuckered out by December, but Paul Prentice managed to collar Ed O'Brien for a chat about cricket, potting sheds and plans for the new album.

How do you think the tour went?

Very well, I think. Apart from Frankfurt being cancelled, and Munich was a pretty horrendous experience. In the NME, it said that Thom threw a tantrum – which he didn't – Thom just broke down, and he couldn't take anymore. He was just completely exhausted. I

read that piece but, like any of them, they always exaggerate it by saying he was throwing a wobbler. That was the

low point, but the gigs were great. We were playing to pretty much 1,500 plus each night, for the first time in Germany and the second time in Spain, in the same venue where we supported James two years earlier, but there were twice as many people and it was really cool.

When you hit Belgium, after the last gig, was it a relief?

We haven't finished now, that's the thing. We got through the six weeks that was the UK and Europe, but we go to America on Sunday. In Canada we're doing two shows, one in Toronto, one in

Montreal and then four West Coast shows, and then come back for Christmas.

How did you find the Smash Hits Poll Winners' Party?

Very bizarre! Kind of enjoyable in a way. We were sharing a dressing room with Pulp and Menswear. We'd met Pulp before,

and they're really nice chaps, a great band. Mark from Take That came up and said "Alright? Howya doin'?" Yeah, I really like your stuff,"

and Verni from Eternal, she's very cool.

Yes, it was a bit bizarre. Particularly the choice of track – My Iron Lung. I think it was cool that we did it, but at the time, when we were looking out, playing it, the kids had been going mad to everything else and when we came on, I don't think they knew what hit them!

The presenters looked a bit stunned!

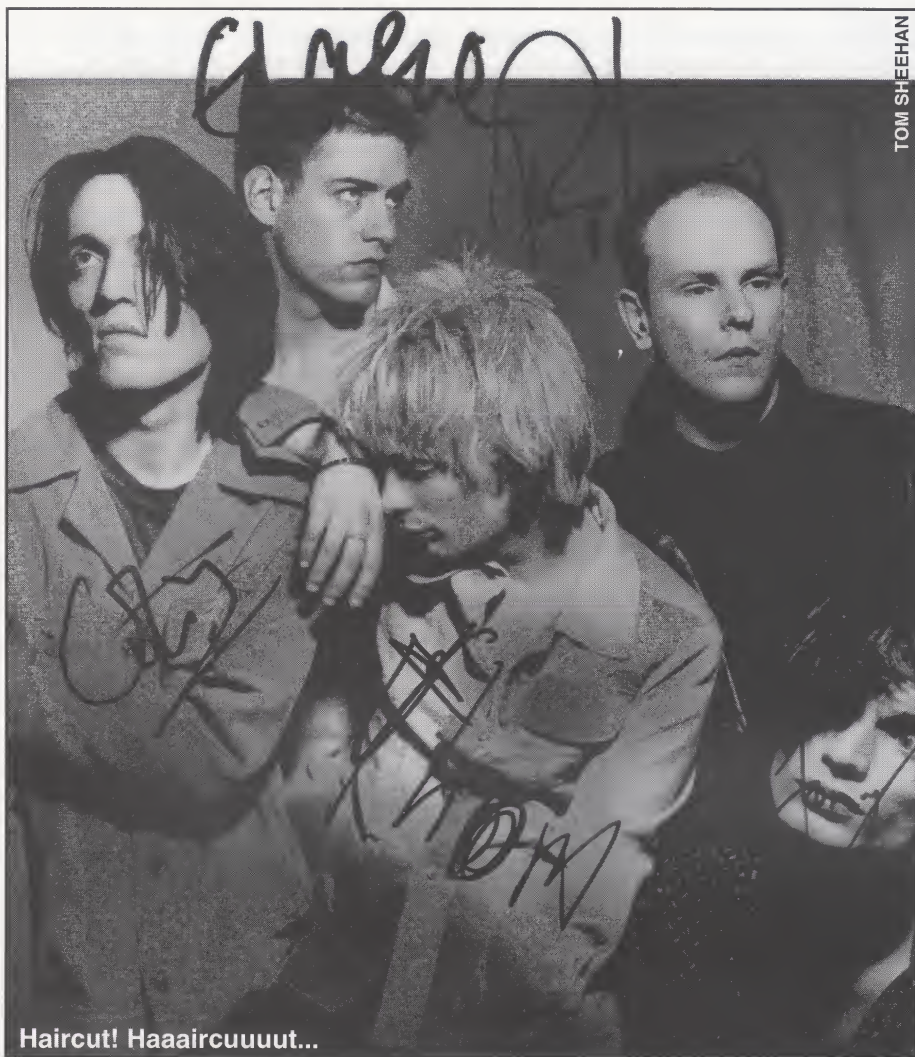
Yeah, I think Andi what'shis-face made some kind of comment like, "Would you welcome the new Bucks Fizz!"

How did you decide on My Iron Lung?

We were asked to do it, the Smash Hits people wanted us to do it, so that was fine.

What's all this about a cricket bat?

The cricket bat! Well, Jim, the sound engineer, started playing cricket again during the summer and I'd played cricket before, so when we went over to America, we thought "Well, the weather's going to be great, we're playing in huge venues where there's going to be a lot of space, we're going to have lots of time on our hands, let's take a cricket bat," and basically, we got some great games of cricket in! Jonny was playing – bowling a mean leg spin – and Tim, Dave (our monitor engineer) and some of the REM crew as well. It was great! Then, at the end of the tour, I had to take it back and as we went through the X-ray machine at Chicago airport I put it through, and the guy stopped me and said "Excuse me, sir. What's this paddle?" I said "A paddle, sir? This is my cricket bat! I played some of my finest cover drives with this bat!" Basically, they wouldn't let me take it on the plane. They said it was an 'instrument of violence'. Potentially I



Haircut! Haaaircuuuut...

could've hooked the pilot's head for four, or something. It's a bit ridiculous really, because the only violent thing about it is stroking willow on leather!

So, did you get it back?

No – they wouldn't let me have it back. Bastards! Chicago airport have either thrown it away or someone's going along on their canoe using a cricket bat as a paddle. Terrible, disgraceful behaviour! I should send some linseed oil over at the very least, and keep it well oiled!

Tell us some of the highs and lows of the REM shows.

I guess one of the highs was the last night, when REM, who never come up on stage – we'd fast finished our set and had bolted

from the stage when we were told "Get back on stage" – and there were the four of them with champagne. The toasted us in front of 30,000 people and said some really nice things about us. They were on in 20 minutes. Normally, they used to watch us every night, but the last song they used to disappear because they used to get nervous, but it was amazing. The lows came after it, when we had our stuff stolen, but it was the utopian tour experience, not only are they really nice people, but the fact is that they're still really big music fans, they love music, and it's evident. They're real fans of all the bands who supported them. Peter Buck was, I guess, one of the reasons why I

started playing guitar and I got to ask him all these muso questions about Murmur, their first album, and stuff like that. That was great. They were just lovely, lovely people and a great live band. The whole thing was really what we needed, because for so long there's been this neurosis, so many self doubts, but there was this time when we stood tall, and we were very proud to go out on stage and play – it was great.

Your role as a backing vocalist. Did you nominate yourself?

I think it was really because when we started as a band, we had maybe two mics, and Phil can sing a bit as well, but I think playing the drums and miking up his voice, we would just've heard all drums or cymbals, but it was the lesser of four evils, doing the backing vocals.

The new songs that were aired on tour. They'll be coming out on the Street Spirit CDs?

No. The B-sides to Street Spirit are Bishop's Robes, which we've played live, another called Talk Show Host, and one called Molasses.

Isn't there one called We Agree?

Yeah, but we're not putting that on. How do you know about that?

"REM were just lovely, lovely people"

Some people liked it, but I don't think we really did it justice, whereas the

other songs are really fantastic.

Nobody Does it Better was also recorded, wasn't it?

We didn't record it in the studio, that was the one from MTV. It was recorded on DAT, but we



Radiohead in Disneyland... Who knows what will happen to that. I want to edit it and make tapes for everyone.

You do realise that people are gagging for that kind of stuff?

Well, yeah, but it's Radiohead relaxed – scuba diving, et cetera. Some of the stuff is really good. I like all that stuff. Maybe we could release something like that. I want to buy a 16mm camera and

supplement the Hi8 stuff with black and white, grainier footage.

So, what's after the USA and Canada?

Everyone's quite tired at the moment and we need a break. We're having our first period of over two weeks off in years, in January.

You've asked for a year to record the next album. Do you think it'll take that long?

I don't know. I think what we meant was that we didn't want any pressure to have an album out by September. It would be cool to keep the momentum going, but I don't think we respond that well to deadlines in that

respect. We need the freedom. It won't be that long, but we've got to get into rehearsing, writing, arranging and recording.

Sometimes it happens very quickly with Radiohead, it's a very easy process, and at other times it takes a while. A track like Fake Plastic Trees took a long

time to get an angle on and it wasn't until it was finally mixed by Sean and Paul that they made something of it, so we just want the freedom to be able to record a shitload of songs and be really proud of them, and release them. Obviously we're not going to do a Stone Roses, but we don't really want to have to have something out by September, so we have to have it ready by the end of July. We might well do, and if that's the case then that's great, but we just need the freedom of knowing that we've got the time we need.

Are there any other plans for 1996?

I think we're going over to America. High and Dry seems to be doing very well on the radio over there at the moment. America's funny, because we toured there a lot this year, but last year we didn't play there at all, and we've left it 18 months, which is too long. Audiences can be quite fickle. We've got a good following there, but it can drop off if you don't tour regularly.

I think we're going over there at the end of March for about three weeks to play the big towns, and it's also a chance for us to play new material. We found the

benefit of that from The Bends when we went off touring for two months and we basically played the new album in,

so we'll be doing that in America and I think maybe we're gonna do some dates in Ireland, and as for the UK, it would be great to tour at the end of the year. I'm sure we will do, but we've got to get the album under way.

Many thanks to Ed O'Brien.

What's that for?

I've got a gold disc from Canada for Pablo Honey, a platinum disc from America for Pablo Honey and a gold disc for The Bends from the UK.

How do you feel?

How do I feel? Well, I'm just concerned about wall space at the moment. It's a tricky affair! I went to Gracelands, Elvis Presley's house, in the summer and they've got a trophy room. So I'm trying to get my Dad to build a little outhouse – it'll probably be a little potting shed – that'll have all the gold discs in or something!

I read that most of 1994 was videoed. Is anything going to be done with it?

It's all on my camera and Tim's camera. And Thom's got a bit of stuff, but Thom's stuff tends to be of obscure Japanese TV programmes, whereas mine is documentary footage of gigs. I've got the Southampton gig in full on video. I've got about 20 hours of Radiohead on the road,

“Obviously we're not going to do a Stone Roses...”

This Little Piggy Went to Holland

The weekend that Radiohead played the Smash Hits Poll Winners' Party, they also played the Paradiso in Amsterdam. Daming indictment, Paul Prentice...

Midnight, 2 Dec 95

The coach eventually set off after the late arrivals turned up. On-board entertainment was provided by The Crow and some Radiohead cassettes – the trip through the Channel Tunnel seem to finish before it had even started. At least that helped us to forget the arse-numbing wait at the terminal.

Sunday 3 Dec

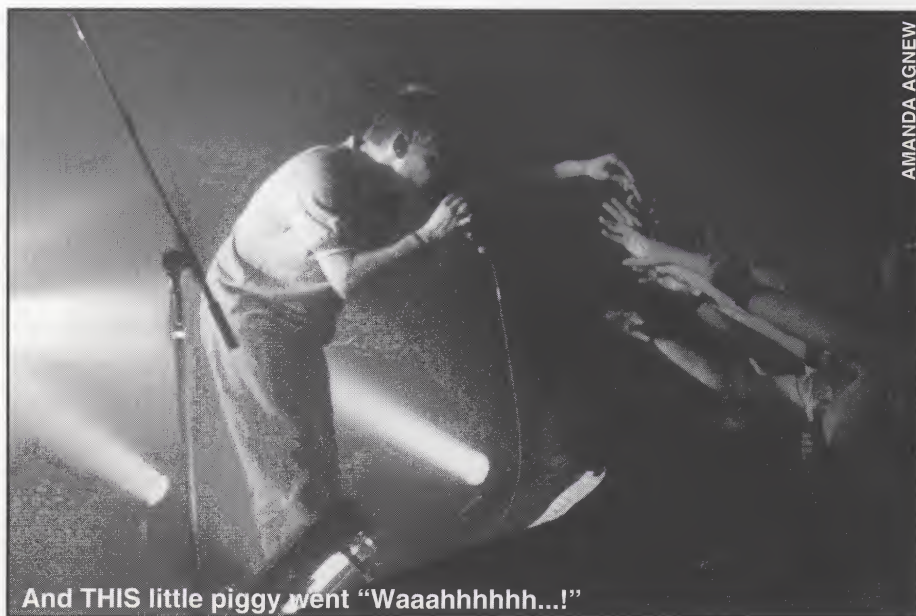
After most of us had a least a wink of sleep, we decided to whip out the old acoustic and play the 'Anyone Can Play Guitar... Or Can They?' game. The bravest (or stupidest) among us attempted the odd track, with a bit of Floyd and Smashing Pumpkins thrown in for good measure. On arrival at the hotel, we dumped our rubbish, no, sorry, luggage and decided to check out one of the local cafe-bars, but knowing we could receive BBC 1 in our hotel room, we decided to return there to catch the Smash Hits Poll Winners' Party. Well, Graham, our room mate, and Richard (Foster, my able assistant) caught it. I fell asleep.

Monday 4 Dec

After breakfast we packed and loaded our luggage back on the coach. The three of us then set out to find our holy grail – the Radiohead Dutch back catalogue! The best we could turn up was some promo DJ remix 12" of Planet Telex, which was a UK import anyway.

A photo opportunity or two later we made our way to the venue. Richard and I got there as the band were soundchecking. After we'd checked our location for 'zine sales with Tim (Nice Bloke), we headed down the stairs backstage to secure our long-awaited interview with Ed. As we walked down the stairs, we heard some rather pleasant ivory tinkling. Not until we turned the corner did we recognise the spiky, strawberry blonde barnet, sporting a rather nice white jacket. We quickly turned on our heels and sat round the corner, listening to Thom's delightful melodies.

When the coast was clear, we continued our hunt for Mr O'Brien. Phil



AMANDA AGNEW

And THIS little piggy went "Waaahhhhhh...!"

informed us that he was taking a well-earned nap, so we hung about and chatted to various people. We had a very interesting chat with Plank, the whiz responsible for those customised guitars and effects pedals, and, yes, he was *very pissed off* when the stuff got nicked. We later witnessed him in a 'dueling banjos' scenario with Jonny on the piano!

The lovely Isabella from Drugstore, who were supporting on the European leg of the tour, said "Hello!" and we wished her well. Twenty minutes before Radiohead were due on, we did eventually bump into Ed, who'd been looking for *us*! He apologised for the non-event, and promised to arrange a 'phoner' (see pages 14-16).

The Gig

Now, I don't do gig reviews, but in the absence of anyone else to do it...

After we'd squeezed our way near the front, the *only* way to see a Radiohead gig, the lights dimmed and the familiar jazzy-bass intro began. I remember thinking "I hope they open with The Bends tonight", and I was not disappointed. The boys seemed to have a spring in their step tonight, a very Euro-friendly Radiohead. Thom entertained the audience with many little anecdotes between the songs, topics including the

Smash Hits Poll Winners' Party on more than one occasion and he also congratulated a couple who had married earlier in the day. All the favourites were present, performed with all the passion and flair we've come to expect at the UK gigs. even Inside My Head got a rare outing.

One of the problems of being a fanzine seller is that you have to choose between watching all the encore(s) and trying to make a few extra quid (sorry, guilders!) by flogging them to early leavers. I decided to opt for the latter, thinking I wouldn't see anything that wasn't played at the UK shows a month earlier. WRONG! They began the second encore with a new tune, a catchy little number which I strained to hear from the confines of the foyer – bugger!

After selling a few more of my wares (Richard still swears he "shifted more units" than I did. As if I'm upset!), and buying a T-shirt from Big Al (how could I not mention Big Al? He kindly lent me some valuable selling space during the UK shows – Cheers mate!), we boarded the coach for our journey home. So, "Hi!" to Verity and Alison (wot no passports?), Jared and all the others. Thanks also to John, the driver from London Calling, whose humour helped keep up the spirits for the bastard journey home!

Once upon a time, not so long ago, Simon Gill at Deadeye Video interviewed Thom Yorke. This is the full version of said chat, excerpts from which can be found underneath the carpet... No, sorry, in Deadeye Video Magazine No. 1.

Anyone for a Spot of Thomasing * ?

What myth would you most like to shatter about Radiohead?

There's one myth about me being an angry young man with no cause to be angry. Whatever that means – a sulky little git. I am a sulky little git whenever the press are around, because I hate the press, so I think that's fair enough, therefore the myth is reinforced. But that's their problem. They're just like school bullies, aren't they, really? They decide on something and that's it.

You described your first album as flawed. To what extent is *The Bends* a reaction to these flaws?

Well, we were just really, really young when we did it. We'd hardly been playing as a band, never really been in a studio. We'd just signed to a huge label, were a bit freaked out and hadn't done the gigs, basically. We'd like to be making records five or 10 years from now, whether anyone buys them... Obviously they have to buy them otherwise we can't make them.

You've criticised 'compartmentalised pop.' Do you think the fact that you strive not to be compartmentalised is the reason people in this country, and the music press, were slow to pick up on you?

Maybe. Maybe because we were crap to begin with, as well. I don't think that anymore, because they have to have something to write about, and if they don't have the language in which to write it, and somewhere to put something, they can't write about it. I suppose it's the nature of the business, but I still don't understand why it has to happen. I don't understand why music can't be music, why there has to be all this other shit.

We did someone once who said "Music is lovely, it's just *The Business* is horrible."

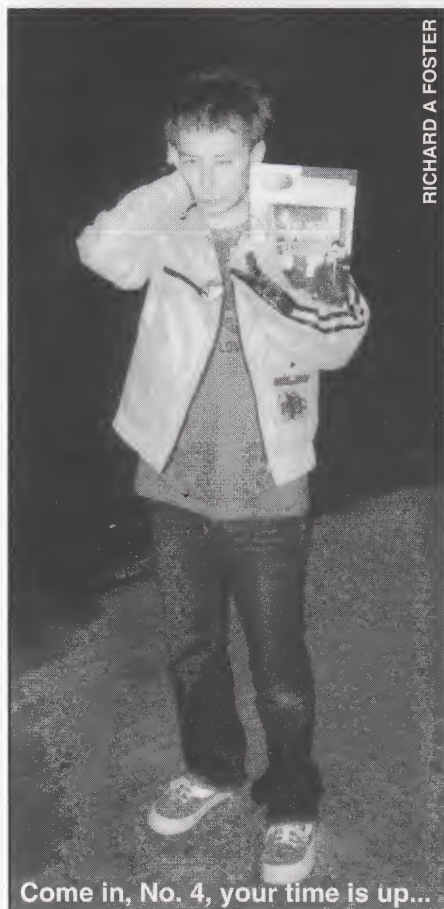
It's not *that* horrible. It is horrible, but it's exactly the same as every other business, it's just the people that work within it are the

"I am a sulky little git whenever the press are around"

people that desperately want to get away from the fact that they have to deal with the business. Does that make sense? Probably not!

You were saying that you are complete control freaks. Is there any ideology behind the control, guiding you?

Yeah, there's a lot of stuff wrapped up in it that I'm realising now, the stuff I have a problem with in terms of the media, media in the loose sense of the term. I think half the reason we ended up calling ourselves Radiohead was because we see a lot of people who just receive information and there's a huge gap between this



***Thomasing** *v. obs.* the collection of small sums of money, or drink, from employers on St Thomas's Day, (21st December). It's a legit word, honest, it is.

receiving information and suddenly partaking in the creative process and, being a creative person, I've always thought that there shouldn't be any link, the two should just flow into each other, but they don't because of the way the media is set up. They're on high and they condescend to tell you what's new, and what to listen to, whereas I think the total opposite should be the case, that people should be exposed to as much as possible and then make their own choice and then it would get written about.

I think the thing that kills popular culture is that certain people with a lot of power, or cash, are able to tell other people what to buy. You can go in HMV and Our Price and you are told what to buy, you don't have a choice. Like, 10 years ago, you could go into a record shop, probably not HMV or Our Price, and go through the records, then go up to the counter and say "What's this one like?" and they'd play you a track. You know, you can actually have an active part in choosing your records. Nowadays you don't get that and we think that's complete bullshit.

For some reason, that's what's been going through my head in the past two or three weeks and I think, actually, that has quite a lot to do with what we're about. Because on the one hand, we just make music, but we don't just make music because we've all been involved in other things. Well, Colin worked in Our Price for a year and Ed, when he was at college, he was doing

loads of promotion for bands and things, and I was DJing at college. I just think it could be a lot better.

We've a real work ethic, as Ed would put it, about what we do. We work our nuts off because we see so many bands who don't and we think "Why?" You're given this amazing opportunity to share what you're doing and people just skin up and fall over and don't do anything, which is fine sometimes, but

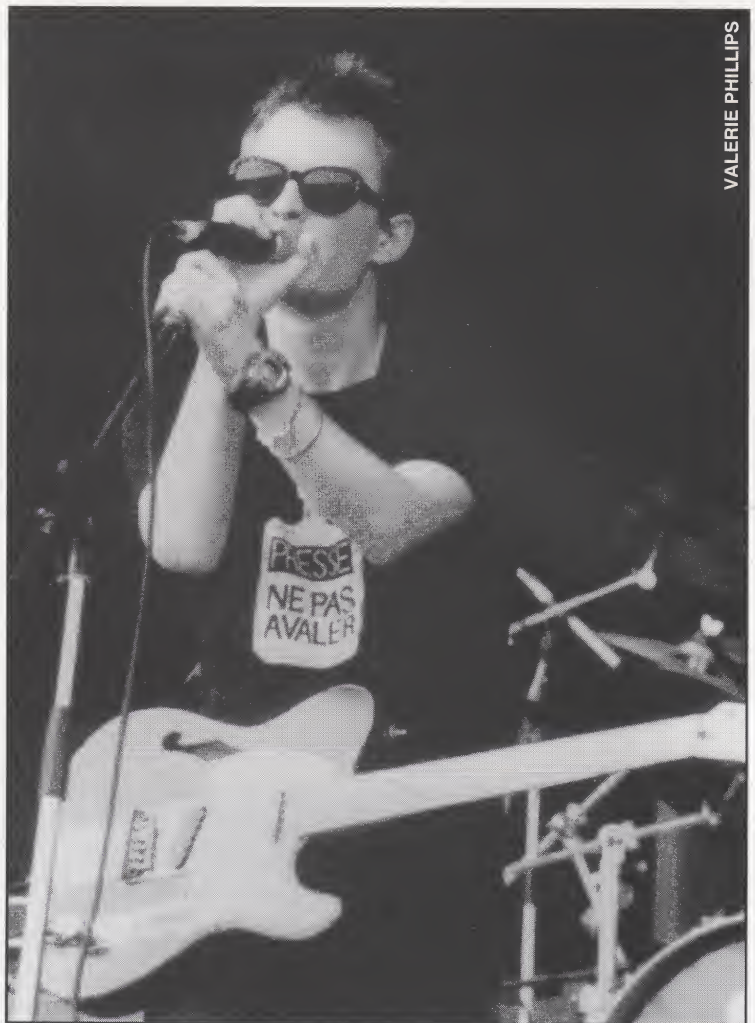
we're almost the exact opposite. We're the highly stressed executives in a board meeting that have been up for three weeks drinking too much coffee. That's how we approach what we do.

That was very good answer.

It took a while, didn't it!

To what extent is your song-writing therapy for you?

Certain things I put in songs, because that's the only place I can



VALERIE PHILLIPS

Do not swallow Thom, or anyone else, for that matter.

put them, and other things I put in songs and actually regret that I've done it, because it's so personal that I can't actually look at it straight in the eye again. So I think sometimes it's too much like therapy, but everyone else tells me "No, no, it's great. Wow! It's really upsetting," and I'm going "Yeah, but it's me! Eeurg!"

Do you think that's one of the jobs of being a rock star, so that other people can live out their lives through you?

I hope not! Maybe – I think everyone who's creative is doing that anyway. I think I've always done it. I've always put certain things on the edge of my sleeve for people to pick at, because that's what I'm like. It wouldn't

matter if I wasn't a creative person, I would still be doing that. Ever since I was a kid, five or six, I was making models from Lego, and exhibiting on the television for people to say what they thought, say how wonderful they were, and I've been doing it ever since and I suppose I kind of need it now.

I think of songs as therapy in the sense that I've always had it to prop me up. So I suppose they are therapy because I've lived with them, and lived with the idea of

being creative and expressing myself. Without it I'd be in a loony bin, definitely.

Do you have strange dreams?

I never remember my dreams, hardly at all, unfortunately.

It's a shame.

Yeah, I know! I think if I was that in tune with my dreams, then I wouldn't write the way I write. I tend to use everyday objects and everyday things that happen, rather than anything desperately

cosmic. Because it's the way I am, it doesn't mean that the emotions behind choosing these things are any less relevant, it's just I can't write about green people and fluffy clouds because, not only would it sound ridiculous if I said it, although certain people could get away with it, but also, it wouldn't make any sense to me.

That's what people like about your music, it actually appeals to them.

I think it's to do with the fact that the songs that I write and the words that I use are quite commonplace, but the fact that I put them in a song is something people relate to. I think that's part of it, I've always used common things, just picking up rubbish, people's phrases and stuff on TV.

It's like these pop artists using photographs or something.

Yeah, it's like photo-montage. How pretentious! Yes, really!

Are you interested in visual arts?

Well, I did a degree in it! Polytechnic Southwest. It was a combined course – English at Exeter University and Fine Art at Polytechnic Southwest. I like the phrase 'fine art', because it's so ridiculous.

What is it that pushes you to adopt the position of an outsider? Is it because you've never fitted in?

No, it's because the people inside are jerks.

All these revivals are coming. Is it to do with media under-exposure in the 60's?

Yes, I think it's really weird that people our age who are in



bands...You're constantly up against the 60's, 70's and 80's, you're bombarded by these things. You're not allowed to just say, "Well, we're a band playing *this* music, and OK, it might have this reference and that reference – everything has references. Why do we have to be mods? Why do we have to be any of those things? Woodstock was a classic example of a

generation being told "The 60's were great. You'd've loved the 60's. You weren't actually there, but now you're walking around in exactly the same clothes that your parents wore, listening to exactly the same albums." Don't you think that's just a little bit sad? Just a little bit? I think it is, but I do it, but I think it's sad. It's because people don't have much money now, no spending power. The spending power is with the over-thirty's, that's the bottom line, so our culture's fucked.

Any interesting tour anecdotes? Like the bloke from Pavement who took loads of acid and used to run over band members and jump from planes?

Well, not many people we know take acid. There are a few, but I think our anecdotes tend to be really boring. I mean, every day in America is an anecdote.

So, do you think you lead a rock'n'roll lifestyle, then?

I think it exists for certain people still. They tend to be the ones still dressing up in their parents' clothes and taking acid and thinking it's really cool. I don't know, it probably is really cool to take acid, but I don't see

why I have to take it to be part of it.

What you were saying about clothes and music, do you think they're redundant as forms of expression?

Oh, no, not at all. How could they possibly not be? It's always been like that, I think, hasn't it? It's funny now, because you walk down your high street, and everything is recycled so fast now, nowadays you can wear whatever – I think it's really cool. The clothes that people wear now are fucking great. They've never looked as good as they do now.

We don't have that many people wearing flares! I quite like flares actually. Why am I saying that! Every fashion has the ridiculous element, but it doesn't make any sense, because everything is in your hands now. Everything is recycled so fast, it's just going into a hole, which I think is great.

How in touch are you with your feminine side? When I ask the question, do you see feminine as being the nicer side of you?

Yeah pretty

much. My Mum always wanted me to be a girl anyway, although she won't admit it.

Is there anything you want to say before the battery runs out?
No.

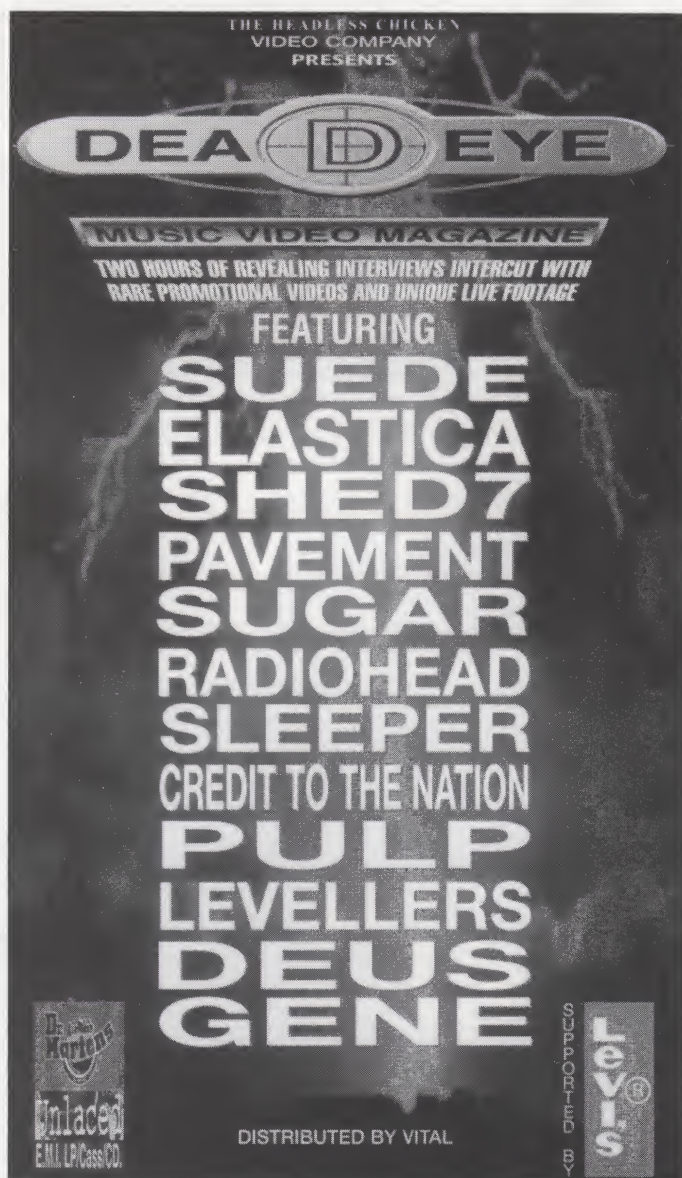
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S.T.U.F.F.

What does it stand for?

Still Too Unkent For Fanfaronading.

Answerphone/W.A.S.T.E.

For those of you who haven't subscribed to **W.A.S.T.E.**, the free official Radiohead information service, get your bloody finger out! Last year the readers attended a series of exclusive acoustic gigs, so what more incentive do you need?

Answerphone, meanwhile, has it all – discographies, fact-files, lyrics, the lot. It came out just after the release of *The Bends*, so some of it may be aging slightly, but we understand that work has begun on a new issue. You also get a free poster and one of those ace, chunky pewter badges! £5 or 14 IRCs from:

Radiohead Answerphone,
PO Box 322, Oxford, OX4 1EY.

L.E.W.I.S.

Already on it's third issue, **L.E.W.I.S.** is a witty insight into the wacky world of a Radiohead fan. Well worth a look.
47 The Moorings, Penville Way,
Burnley, Lancs, BB12 0TP.

REM Rivers of Suggestion

If you liked what you saw at Milton Keynes last year, then this is for you. *Rivers of Suggestion* is one of the better REM fanzines on the market. Issue 3 contains a section detailing Radiohead's USA support slot.

Rob Jovanovic
19 Cornhill Road
Nottingham, NG4 1GE.

ABUSE

A well-established fanzine and one of the few publications that was onto Radiohead's case early on. Contains loads of interviews and reviews from bands on the verge of greatness.

PO Box 2168
Reading, Berkshire, RG1 7FN.

Drill

For the fan who must have everything. Well written (probably) with lots of nice photos and stuff.

Tomoko Kurokawa
8-8-58 Hisagi
Kanagawa 249, Japan.

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01235

Net Address

[http://www.musicbase.co.uk/
music/radiohead](http://www.musicbase.co.uk/music/radiohead)

NB

The USA PO Box address given in Issue Two has now closed.

Paul's Apologies:

Paul's sister, Wendy, who's tireless work went completely unrecognised in Issue Two – sorry Sis! And to Steve Lamacq, who's name escaped me at the time of writing the Milton Keynes bit, also in No. 2. So, to one of the few people who dares play Radiohead at a time when people are still listening – sorry!

RADIOHEAD

world service

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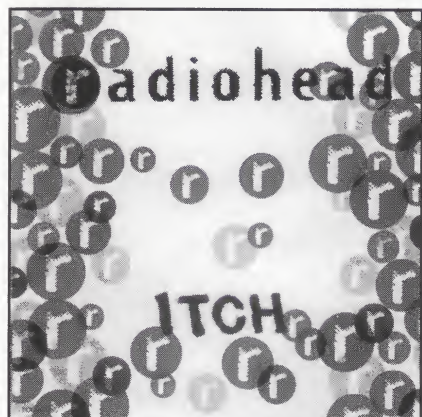
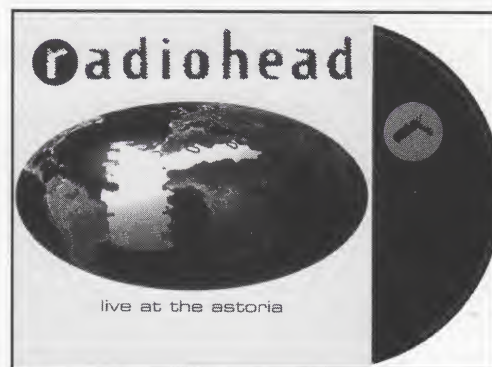


Head Hunters No. 1

We've had many requests for a feature on Radiohead rarities so, starting with this issue, we plan to build up a comprehensive guide to collectable CDs, 12"s, cassettes, bootlegs, promos, and just about anything else we can think of. If you have something that may be of interest, please send details (with a photocopy if poss) the The Usual Address. The first of this occasional series features three non-UK releases.

Radiohead Live at the Astoria

FRANCE. 2,000 copies of this three-track promo CD were produced and were used in France to be doubled up with The Bends as a special limited edition, although some copies found their way onto the collectors' market. Also produced, in similar fashion, was a Live at the Forum CD, which will be covered in a future issue. Expect to pay upwards of £15 at record fairs or collectors' shops. Tracks: My Iron Lung, Just, Maquiladora.



Itch

JAPAN. Itch is one of the more readily available imports, but the hefty price tag (upwards of £23) will put most people off. Itch is the Japanese 'tour CD' put together by Toshiba EMI in 1994 to fill some of the gaps in their back catalogue. Up until the release of The Bends, the only other Japanese releases were Pablo Honey, which included five bonus tracks, and the re-issued Creep EP. All Itch tracks have been available in the UK as B-tracks or promos. This said, it serves as a nice sampler, especially for those who missed some of the earlier singles. Tracks: Stop Whispering (US version), Thinking About You (EP version), Faithless the Wonderboy, Banana Co., Killer Cars (live), Vegetable (live), You (live), Creep (Acoustic).

In Concert 'New Rock'

USA. These American radio show CDs are funny old things. They're used by American stations and then left to gather dust. Although officially recognised, they still get tarred with the same brush as bootlegs, so don't expect to see any at Our Price. Using the minimalist approach to packaging, probably to make them less interesting to the collectors' market (well, Mr Westwood Sir, it's not working!) the two discs in individual envelopes are squeezed into tiny clear bags with only the accompanying (if you're lucky) cue sheets to give clues as to the artists within. The sheets give details of song times, suggestions for possible intro/outros and suitable slots for local commercials, alongside the national ones included on the CDs. As mentioned in Issue One, this show was recorded at the Whisky-A-Go-Go in Hollywood, back in the summer of 1993. The naughty words in Creep have been bleeped, so the neighbours won't mind. This is the source for at least two bootleg CDs which have surfaced, although at least you get artwork with them! If you pick up this set, supposing you can actually find one, for under £40, consider it a bargain! CD 1: Gin Blossoms. CD 2: Radiohead. Tracks: You, The Bends, Vegetable, Creep, Ripcord, Stop Whispering, Pop Is Dead, Thinking About You, Faithless The Wonderboy, Blow Out.





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